[fic] Human AU: Addict.

• Apr. 6th, 2011 at 3:46 PM

I wrote this last night and now that LJ's working, I can post it. :D Also, yee, new pairing tag!

Title: Human AU: Addict.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Angelcest, smut.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel/Michael, Lucifer/Raphael.
Word Count: 2,319 words.
Summary: Lucifer doesn't remember now, but the rest of the angels aren't helping.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt addict being used for this one. Twenty-two down, eight to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

"Wow, you weren't kidding earlier. You really can't remember anything?"

"Nothing, not even my name. Do you know me? You seem to."

Gabriel gives a low whistle and pokes Lucifer's forehead, beginning to smile. "Okay then, sit tight while I explain everything. Your name is Lucy, you can see the future, and - "

"I don't like lies," Lucifer says, cutting Gabriel off, glaring at him. "Don't lie to me."

"You sure you've forgotten everything?"

"Who. Am. I."

Gabriel looks back at him, then laughs, nodding. "For real this time. Your name is Lucifer. I'm Gabriel, and the two brothers you're going to meet when we get breakfast, well, the overly grumpy one is Michael and the other amnesiac is Raphael."

"Understood," Lucifer says. "Then I can assume that we are brothers as well?"

"That's what you told me in the first place," Gabriel says with a shrug. "And you remembered everything, so I figure you knew what you were talking about."

Lucifer nods, and gets out of bed, checking himself over, frowning. He looks at the mirror on the dresser, then begins to examine his appearance, looking uncomfortable.

"What, something wrong with your face?" Gabriel asks, pulling the now-freed blanket around his shoulders. "You look the same as you did yesterday."

"Something's wrong," Lucifer says softly, tracing his features. "This isn't my face."

"What?"

Abruptly Lucifer turns around, studying Gabriel. "You're...your name is Gabriel. Your face doesn't match that."

"It's the one I've got, so live with it," Gabriel says, frowning now. "Did you lose a few marbles with the memories?"

Lucifer shakes his head and turns his attention to his clothes, checking the pockets of his sweatpants and turning up a note.

"Hey, what's that?" Gabriel asks, zipping over to grab at the note. "Let me see!"

Lucifer turns away. "No, Gabriel," He says, and scans the words quickly, frowning. "It's a message from myself."

"You mean, memoried you," Gabriel says, leaning over his shoulder now to read the note before Lucifer covers it.

"Don't, Gabriel. It's meant for my eyes only."

"Then you shouldn't have pulled it out where I can see!"

Lucifer shakes his head. "Maybe he had a good reason for not wanting others to see it. I don't know yet, so no. You may not see this."

"Hmph. Fine," Gabriel says as he puts the blankets back on the bed. "You read the note, I'll go downstairs and start my morning hot chocolate."

"Hot chocolate?"

"I'll make a cup for you too, if you're down in time...but only if I can read that note!"

"I'll pass, then."

"You're no fun!" Gabriel makes a face, then smiles and heads out.

"I don't know who you are," Lucifer whispers at the door, thinking that for all Gabriel could tell him - names, relations - that he still had no clue who he *was*, or who Gabriel was, or why it would be so important that he not show what else he had written to anyone else.

Something in him makes him lock the door before he turns to the nightstand, opening its drawer and pulling out a small bundle of papers. He recognizes the handwriting as the same style as on the note he found in his pocket, and the first sentence only drives the point home further.

Try not to let anyone else see this, as this message is meant for your eyes alone. Your name is Lucifer...if you remember any of the human's stories about you, know that yes, you are the Lucifer of legend. But too many of their stories are mistaken for you to take them as fact. Know this, then: you must not let anyone sway you from what you know is true.

You are the only being you can rely upon, Lucifer.

Lucifer looks up from the pages, exhaling. He could see himself working on these pages, and it was no stretch of the imagination to envision himself struggling to pass on as much information as he could while he was still himself.

There is more to read, but Lucifer sets it aside for now so he can absorb what he's been told, and what he's read.

He knows Gabriel will probably return soon to make sure he's not sleeping again, and there are others in the house, but he doesn't want to face them yet. Not when he's still so unsure about his situation, and about his safety.

"Am I safe here?" He asks the air, and lies back on the bed.

Gabriel hadn't seemed dangerous. Gabriel probably wasn't dangerous, even if he had tried to lie (nevermind his intentions, Lucifer disliked liars on principle) and the others...he didn't know about them yet.

So what could he do? He could assume that he was in direct danger and that if he weren't careful one of the others might try to hurt him, or worse.

He could assume he was facing indirect danger, and that the others would lie, or feed him false information, or worse.

Lucifer covers his eyes briefly, sighing, and sits back up. At the very least he could meet the others, and see if they matched his expectations. He could decide upon a course of action later, and after that...well. Either way he would return to read the rest of the papers.

Decision made, Lucifer puts the papers back in the nightstand, including the note, and exits the room, leaving the door unlocked now.

Lucifer thinks he's made a mistake. Possibly he took the wrong set of stairs down here, because...

There's Gabriel, and there's another person that Lucifer thinks is Michael (and judging from how Gabriel is hissing that name, he's probably right) and -

- are they *kissing*?

Lucifer stands in the doorway of the kitchen, frowning, watching Gabriel push Michael into the refrigerator and kiss him and there. There is a tin labeled 'Hot Chocolate' on the counter, so he did walk into the right kitchen.

The problem remains: Michael is making sounds Lucifer thinks he's heard before, and Gabriel is growling, and every time they break the kiss and pant, barely seconds pass before one of them has resumed it.

Lucifer takes a step back, but then Gabriel does something with his hands and Michael's pants that makes Michael *whine*, and Lucifer freezes. He wants to hear more. He wants to leave.

He feels like he's heard that sound before, like he's *caused* that sound before.

"Try to order me around, will you?" Gabriel says, and then Michael's pants are down, and so are Gabriel's, and Lucifer should really leave.

He thinks so, at least, but he's not moving.

Gabriel is, though, and somehow they've moved so that Michael is bent over the kitchen table, and when did Gabriel get that tube of lube, and -

Gabriel has a finger in Michael, Lucifer can see it all too well, Lucifer thinks he's not going to be able to eat there later no matter how many times the table is washed.

"Gabriel - " Michael says, Lucifer's not sure if he's protesting or asking for more or what,

but Gabriel just pours more lube over his fingers, pushing a second one in.

Lucifer's certain that he's never seen Michael squirm like that before, memory gone or not.

"Have we done this before?" Gabriel asks, and before Michael can answer he's pushing a third finger in, barely giving Michael time to adjust, stopping just briefly to savor how Michael babbles at the sensations.

Michael is shaking his head and his hips are moving and Lucifer has to palm himself to ease his own ache, but no, he's not going to participate, and he's not going to put his hand in his pants, no matter how hot he feels, no matter what Gabriel does -

Michael cries out, then whimpers - *whimpers*, that's a sound Lucifer wants to hear more of, he has a feeling that Michael doesn't whimper - as Gabriel withdraws his fingers, and for a moment Lucifer is afraid that it's over already, but no, no. Gabriel has dribbled oil over himself and has pumped himself and now Gabriel is in Michael, not going slow, not going easy, and Michael has no more words at all, just a wordless sound as he squirms on the table, and if he hurts he's not complaining about what Gabriel's doing, not like that.

Gabriel leans low over Michael, groaning before he grips Michael's hips and begins to thrust in earnest, hard and fast and less about letting Michael enjoy it or letting himself savor it and more about friction and speed and *pleasure*, and his hold on Michael's hips and the cant of his hips, all Lucifer can think is that Gabriel's done this before, countless times, even if he doesn't remember his body does, and that's why Michael is shouting now, and that's why Lucifer is grinding his palm into his dick harder now, trying to stifle any sounds before they hear him and - god forbid - *stop*.

Gabriel cries out as he comes, he bends over Michael as he releases and Michael is making an odd keening sound before he fades into babble again as he comes, and they slump into the table and each other, and Lucifer hears twinned panting.

Lucifer finally finds strength in his legs so he can backpedal and retreat up the stairs, and his own arousal is a steady thrum between his legs, and when he backs into Raphael (it has to be Raphael, that was Michael down there) he wants to curse because a warm body is just what he wants but he doesn't know if he can have, not here -

"Are you okay? Are they okay?" Raphael asks. "I heard shouting - "

Lucifer covers Raphael's mouth. "Sex," He says. "They had sex, I'm never eating on that table again."

Raphael stares at him, and Lucifer stares back, his own breathing harsh in his ears.

Something about Raphael makes him ache in a completely different way, unrelated to sex, and he thinks that maybe they hate each other, or something worse, because what else could he be feeling now?

Except that he sees fear in Raphael's eyes now, something he doesn't think Raphael is controlling or meaning to feel at all.

Lucifer pulls his hand back, watches Raphael lick his lips.

Raphael opens his mouth to say something, and it's everything Lucifer has to stop himself from kissing him now, to stop himself from trying to provoke more emotions out of Raphael because there is something between them, something he wants to know more about.

Sex isn't the best way to do that, he thinks, but there is still heat between his legs, and that - that's hard to think around.

"Lucifer? Did you forget, too?"

Lucifer breathes, and nods.

"Did Gabriel explain anything?"

Lucifer nods again and wonders at why Raphael's not scared anymore, looking instead concerned and worried and trying to be *helpful* and something dark inside of him tells him that this state of affairs won't do at all.

He kisses Raphael before he can think about it any more.

"Wh - " Raphael gets out, but then Lucifer is pushing him backwards into the nearest room (his, the one he woke up in this morning) and onto the bed, and Lucifer is straddling him as he deepens the kiss, feels the burn in his lungs as he runs out of air, and Raphael is looking scared again, but something, something is going right, Lucifer thinks.

Because Raphael suddenly growls and flips them over, breathing heavily as something other than fear rules him, and Lucifer thinks he knows this anger, has felt it before.

When Raphael kisses him now it feels like a bite.

"Good - " Lucifer says when they break for air, "Good, Raphael," he says because he knows that if Raphael isn't angry, this won't happen, not like he wants it to.

Raphael kisses him again, and Lucifer forces their pants down, wishes his shirt were flimsier so he could tear it, so he could get straight to pushing skin to skin and he shoves Raphael's shirt up so he can dig his nails into his back, scratch him to make Raphael glare at him now, to make Raphael tighten his grip on Lucifer's arms and if it bruises, Lucifer thinks, so much the better.

Lucifer fits a hand between them then, grips at Raphael's cock and strokes it, watches as he tries to stay focused when there is sudden sensation there.

"Lucifer - !" Raphael manages, and Lucifer pushes up to kiss him back now, stroking faster, wanting to see Raphael unravel.

Air, Lucifer thinks, isn't something he's used to needing because have his lungs always protested like this when he kisses like this? He's gasping when he breaks the kiss, and so is Raphael, and now Raphael's hands have found their way to his cock, and it is Lucifer's turn to cry out in relief as he is stroked, and he keeps stroking Raphael through it, other hand still holding Raphael's side, gripping too tightly for comfort.

"Yes!" Lucifer punches out, and it isn't long before he is spilling over Raphael's hand, and Raphael is making a helplessly angry sound as he follows, collapsing into Lucifer's chest as he comes, and Lucifer lets go to rest his hands on Raphael's back as they catch their breath.

"What...what's wrong with me..." Raphael says minutes later, recovering, and stares at Lucifer. "I don't hate you like that - "

"Shush," Lucifer says, covering Raphael's mouth again. "It's something neither of us remember."

Raphael pushes Lucifer's hand down. "I don't...I'm not comfortable hating like that."

"Then I won't provoke you," Lucifer says. "But it's something that's yours. I didn't make it."

Raphael shakes his head, and pulls away, leaving Lucifer to lie in the bed alone.

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